UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Quotations From a Pamphlet on "Profiteers of War"

By CAMILLE DREVET

Thinking of the anguish of the future, I should like to send forth a supreme appeal to all the pacifist forces.

No more war, at any price.

Not a man for war.

No cannons, no munitions, no airships, no explosives.

Immediate peace in China. (Written in spring of 1932.)

* * *

Without doubt there are alliances between the governments and the great industries essential to war, but control by the State cannot prevent the diplomacy of the manufacturers of shells and explosives, a diplomacy which surpasses that of the diplomats in politics.

* * *

No propaganda against war seems to me more efficacious than that which purposes to show by facts how much the famous phrase of Anatole France, "One believes that he is dying for his country when really he is dying for the manufacturers," is filled with truth.

* * *

This international group of the profiteers of war must, by the wish of the people, disappear if we are to be able to establish a regime of peace and just work.

* * *

We must not become tired of repeating to those who suffered for four years all the tortures of war, to the old combatants, to the mutilated, to the widows and orphans of war, that while the soldiers of each country were suffering, believing that they were defending their country, the entente [international group of munitions-makers] was favoring the delivery of munitions to Germany.

* * *

We must tell the old combatants that two French firms flattered themselves for having imported to France from Switzerland 60,000 tons of German steel.

* * *

No one can deny that, during these last years, the power of the war industries has done nothing but increase. Do we not see the Mauser firm triple its capital in a year and give 32% dividends while in the United States the Dupont Powder firm was able to earn in 1926, 42 million dollars and in 1930, 78 million?

In France, the little firm of Hotchkiss, which in 1918 raised its capital from 6 million to 16 million, has been able to pay since a dividend of 48 million, the triple of its capital. Between 1925 and 1930, the stockholders received dividends as high as 90%. And what should we say of the financial power of such firms as the Skoda, of Czechoslovakia, which has realized, if we may believe the *"Cote Auxiliaire"* of the 7th of November last, profits reaching to 150,000,000 francs? (The Skoda works are owned largely by Frenchmen.)

(*Continued on page* 63)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1932 Number 4

THE HIGH HILL

I went up to a high hill
To seek a spirit leaven;
I went up to a high hill
To get me nearer Heaven.

I went up to a high hill
In blue serener air;
I went up to a high hill
To see if God were there.

But God was not on the high hill,
On the high hill apart;
God was not on the high hill,
Not being in my heart.

I went down to a deep vale,
And there I made my prayer;
I went down to a deep vale,
And lo, my God was there!

One need not go to a high hill
Be he with faith unshod;
One need not go to a high hill
If he would find out God.

—*Clinton Scollard.*

There are two men in this world today whom England would give a good deal, we imagine, to get rid of. The one, surely, is President DeValera, of Ireland. What a thorn in the flesh of the Empire this man is! A decade ago it was thought he was effectually disposed of. This Irish Free State has been established on the basis of surrender by the Irish and compromise by the English, the Cosgrove government had assumed office, DeValera was a rather pitiful, if not ridiculous, outcast. But the years have past, the imperturbable professor-president has come back, and now, the recognized leader of the Irish people, has set himself as persistently as ever to the real task of securing liberty for old Erin. And not content with this, DeValera goes to Geneva and reads a lesson to the League of Nations on its duty to small nations. The other man, pre-eminently, is Mahatma Gandhi, of India. Once again the greatest empire in the world has had to do the bidding of one little, half-naked prisoner in Poona jail, as though he were the mightiest conqueror in history. What Napoleon with all his legions was never able to do, Gandhi has done in a few hours with the passive closing of his lips. This Indian merely nods, and not only all India but all Britain does his bidding. When has mankind ever before seen such a spectacle of sheer power as this—and power based not upon the sword but upon the spirit? And all this power directed, with the utter patience and resistless momentum of a cosmic glacier, to the attainment of liberty for his people! DeValera in the West and Gandhi in the East—they are like two poles between which Britain turns and turns as on the axis of destiny. Would she like to get rid of these two men? Yet she fears them dead only more terribly than she fears them living. The one thing that Britain could not permit to happen in Gandhi's fast was the Mahatma's death. And so again the spirit of heroic men triumphs over all. As ever, God raises up his messengers to do his bidding.

It is an amazing spectacle to see so-called liberals these days coming to the support of Roosevelt and the Democrats. That Democrats of any persuasion, liberal or otherwise, should stick by their party is not perhaps surprising, yet we remember that there was a time when Senator Wheeler was running for vice-president on the same ticket with La Follette. But that independent liberals, more especially Republican liberals, like Senator Norris, should espouse Roosevelt's cause, seems to us nothing short of amazing. Do not such "liberals" forfeit the claim to the title, and justify the long-standing indictment of our radical friends that liberalism is a synonym for futility, superficiality, and sentimentality. Consider this current political situation! What is the Democratic Party today, that it should challenge the support of any intelligent man? A hopeless combination of Bourbon South and industrial East, of southern negrophobes and northern gangsters, held together not even by the traditional "cohesive power of public plunder," but only by a certain dim historic tradition feebly surviving the era which gave it birth. What is the present leadership of the Democratic Party, that it should hold anybody's respect? A disreputable combination of Hearst, McAdoo, and Garner, gladly surrendering every principle, bartering every element of character, to the sole end of getting their feverish clutches on the presidency. And who is the candidate of the Democratic Party, that he should win anybody's allegiance A man perfectly adapted to the wiles of the Hearst-McAdoo-Garner conspiracy—a little, blustering, ambitious politician who can only do at Washington what he has done at Albany. There is something so patent, so

blatant, so flatly and frankly vulgar, about the whole Democratic set-up in this campaign, that we marvel anybody of voting-age can be deceived. The nation has seen nothing like it since 1920 and the Harding ticket. Heaven knows we are no Republican. But if we had to choose between the Republican and the Democratic Parties, between Hoover and Roosevelt, we would take the former every time.

At last, in the pages of our greatly admired contemporary, the *Christian Century* (September 21st issue), we find an estimate of Hitler which seems to us to be correct. Ever since this leader of the National Socialists in Germany came into prominence, and especially since he began to gather political power, the American press has been busily trying to prove his utter unsignificance as a man and a politician. At first his influence was contemptuously derided, until today it has grown to such vast proportions that it can no longer be ignored or hidden. Then, his influence established, Hitler himself was deliberately presented by our press as a mere demagogue, devoid of ideas, policies and purposes. At the best he was a mere puppet whose antics were controlled by strings in the hands of strong men behind the scenes. This picture of the man took the appearance of something like real authority when a smart journalist, Dorothy Thompson, who puts her stuff between the covers of a book instead of in the columns of a newspaper, wrote her snappy volume, "I Saw Hitler," in which she painted the Nazi leader as about the silliest little nincompoop that ever sprang into fame. We went to Germany in 1931 with these ideas of Hitler in our mind, and were astonished to discover that they were utterly untrue. Now comes Rev. Everett R. Clinchy, who has seen Hitler and studied his movement on the ground, to confirm our belief that this Austrian leader of the German Nazis is a man of extraordinary personal magnetism, of exceptional intellectual ability, and of immeasurable capacity of public leadership. This does not mean that we admire Hitler, or believe in his movement. On the contrary, the man and his followers seem to us to constitute the most terrible menace to our civilization that has appeared since the War. The Nazis' bitter hatred of democracy, their ferocious anti-Semitism, their brutal militarism, their blind reaction to imperialistic tyranny, all these are forces of ghastly significance. The triumph of Hitlerism will mark the death of Europe. But just for this reason is it madness to deny or ignore the greatness of the man who leads this movement. Mr. Clinchy is right! Hitler is "a powerful man, only superficially to be measured as a cocky dictator."

William Travers Jerome, of reform fame in New York City, made a significant remark the other day. It was to the effect that economic disaster is the great friend of reform. Is this not so? Take the wide-sweeping movement today for reduction of governmental expenditures. In recent years our cities and states, and the nation itself, have been grossly extravagant with public funds. Money was poured out like water for all kinds of crazy schemes, and much of it of course was stolen. Now suddenly the depression calls a halt. No government today can spend a cent of money without accounting for it, and economy is everywhere the cry. Again, take corruption in politics, with New York City as an example! For six years Mayor Walker was the most popular clown who ever performed his antics in a municipal circus. "Jimmy" paid no attention to his job, handed over his administration to political debauchees, raised his own salary to dizzy figures, lived in luxury, spread abroad vulgarity and indecency, and opened the city to looting of the worst description—but nobody cared! Jimmy seemed to be a permanent fixture in the mayoralty chair. But now the dapper gentleman is out of office, and an exile. What hit him was the depression. This man could ride the waves of prosperity, but not the trough of misery. What a generation of reformers could not have achieved was done in a year by bad business. Again, take public housing! This reform has hopelessly languished. But now it is coming because governments must establish public works as a remedy for unemployment, and must provide homes for the people. So also with public ownership! The new subway in New York is owned and operated by the municipality, because in these days private capital is too sick to undertake the job. Old age pensions, unemployment insurance, national labor exchanges—all these reforms, impossible for years, have now become not only possible but inevitable. O, these times are not so bad, friends! If the depression only continues a while longer, we shall have a truly socialized democracy.

"Dead men tell no tales." Really? Well, listen, dear friends, to a tale from New York! On July 4th last—was it in celebration of our great and glorious national holiday?—a certain Salvatore Arena, a member of the Duce Fascist Alliance of New York, was shot and killed. The funeral of this noble victim, on July 7th, was a gorgeously impressive occasion. The Italian Ambassador to the United States was present. So was the Italian Consul General in New York. Hosts of Fascists crowded the Dominican Catholic Church, where high mass was celebrated. A huge white metal casket was carried through the streets to the pier of the S. S. "Saturnia," escorted by leading Fascists, draped in an Italian flag, and surrounded by a color-guard. On the journey across the seas to the sacred soil of the mother land, a special guard of honor was maintained on shipboard night and day, and when the

body reached Messina it was given military burial. Well, after it was all over, and every Fascist honor had been duly paid to this so distinguished member of the ducal clan, the police of Montreal, Canada, were so inconsiderate as to announce that the dead, duly identified by photographs and finger-prints, was one of two bandits sought by the Canadian police since April, 1924, for participation in the famous Hochelaga Bank money-car hold-up, in which eleven desperados got away with $150,000, after killing one bank messenger and wounding another. It is interesting to recall, in the light of this discovery, the details of that wonderful funeral. The ceremony delayed twenty-five minutes for the special arrival of Ambassador Giacomo de Martino, the raising of the right hands of the vast crowd in Fascist salute, while (to quote the New York *Times*) "the voice of a multitude shouted the Fascist battle-cry of 'A noi'," above the tons of floral tributes which overwhelmed the church, and later the ship. All this for a common bandit! But why be surprised? Salvatore Arena was only imitating his great leader, the Duce. For Mussolini also is a bandit, although he held up Italy instead of a money-car.

The happy union of three severed branches of the great Methodist church in England is an achievement to be noted and praised. It is an amazing thing, of course, that there should be alien groups of Christians, and a still more amazing thing, perhaps, that it should be an achievement to bring them together. If the members of the "one body in Christ" cannot agree and work together, what chance is there of ending differences anywhere? But disciples of John Wesley in the second century following his great apostleship, after many years of patient negotiation, have at last found it possible to join hands instead of shake fists, and thus the cause of the Kingdom is advanced. In the light of such a spiritual union, why should not other unions be swiftly consummated? There are branches of Methodism in this country, for example; why not get together? There are various orders of Presbyterians and Episcopalians; why should they longer stand apart? Then there are the Congregationalist groups—not the so-called Congregationalists merely, but the Unitarians, Universalists, and Disciples who recognize and practice the congregational principle; should they not be one brotherhood? To ask such questions is at the same time to answer them. There is no imaginable reason for continued disunion apart from parochial prejudices, hoary traditions, and sheer human selfishness and pride. One single drop of the pure spirit of Christ would dissolve such influences upon the instant. But most of our Methodists and Presbyterians and Unitarians had rather be denominationalists than Christians, and thus persistently flock by themselves. After a quarter of a century of diligent search, we have yet to find one respectable reason for maintaining the separate sectarian groups of the Christian world. If any reader of UNITY has succeeded where we have failed, we should like to hear from him.

The Slaughter of Our Youth—How to Prevent It

During the past week we have been in touch with some of the youth of the world—a Scout Camp on the edge of the city, having 5,000 boys from France, England, Germany, Switzerland, etc. A vast get-together adventure! Baden-Powell was present for a day. We have also seen a company of 250 American "Y" boys touring Geneva. The "Y" boys have been in England, Holland, Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, and are now taking train for Paris. The Scouts and "Y" boys are about 16 or 17 years old. Camping, traveling together cannot fail to increase knowledge and understanding. And over all America and Europe this season are literally hundreds of thousands in similar groups.

They are good to look at—these boys. The American boys had a swing that was wonderful to see, as if it sprang out of "Freedom's holy light." We cannot withhold the wish that all these boys may enjoy a world free from war.

We watched these boys at the big camp, and as they went sight-seeing. The American boys were royally treated. A special service on Sunday was held for them at the American church, when inspiring ideals were held up, and the choice of them urged. At the League and Labor Organization there were lectures, with questions. This morning one of Geneva's most gifted citizens, Mr. Fatio, explained the important Reformation monument, showing the intimate link between the reformers at Geneva and early American life.

We went to sleep last night with these nearly six thousand boys marching before us. Where are they bound—these fine fellows from America and Europe, along with the myriads like them all over the earth? Less than twenty years ago, millions of such boys, a trifle older, suddenly began to march a few hundred miles from Geneva—but they were hating, biting, fighting, killing—one big slaughter for four years. We name it a Big War. Is that the right name? We call them warriors. Is that the right name? With over eight million killed, over twenty-one million wounded, over seven million prisoners and missing—for commentary read Dante's "Inferno"!

We ask, are these boys whom we have seen, and

the millions like them whom we have not seen, marching on to like slaughter? Are the "Scout" and "Y" leaders doing all possible to prevent a like catastrophe? Is the church, the school, the state—or shall the sun some day, a few years off, rise upon repeated scenes of carnage? We are compelled to ask this. We cannot dodge it. It concerns our generation. Our grandchildren. So we have a right to ask, and an obligation!

The cruel, useless, criminal slaughter of youth has haunted us now these many years. We once took boys—like these we see—in groups of a dozen, on bicycles, through England and France. They came also for an increase of knowledge and understanding. Since those days American and Spanish boys have been slaughtering each other—English and Dutch boys have been slaughtering each other. In 1914-1919, all the world was engaged in slaughter. This crime of the Centuries—mass-murder—still goes on. And are the millions of boys, like those seen at Geneva—are they too doomed to descend into Hell?

That question demands an answer. The church, the school, the state, the Scouts, the "Y" must ask that until they find an answer, with a *solution.* They must not dodge it. King George, President Hoover must not say, peace, patience, peace—when a vast slaughterhouse awaits our youth over the horizon, while an army of butchers are sharpening their knives. It is unfair, cruel, criminal, to let these fair-faced boys, with the light of heaven in their eyes, march on to blood and carnage. Are these boys sons of God, or dumb cattle driven to throat-cutting and insanity?

If this generation does not exert itself to save these boys, an ocean of blood will engulf us. In the name of these boys, we affirm that it is high time to *act.*

Can this slaughter of our youth be prevented? It can, if there is a will. There are *three things* to do to prevent:

1. Strive to create a *social system* possessing justice and equality. Be not afraid of names, like Socialism, Communism, Capitalism. Stop hating France, Japan, Russia. Support any system that guarantees removal of friction. Causes of war are manifold: economic, cultural, religious, dynastic. Strive to remove those causes. A just *social system* is essential. Work for it.

2. As to *Disarmament!* The only safe world for marching boys is one in which the nations are totally disarmed. The "Resolution" recently adopted by the Conference holds no promise of safety. I am convinced that if America, Britain, France, Japan do not at once disarm, there will be another deluge. Total disarmament at once is the only international action that will prevent the slaughter.

We call on America and Britain to disarm. The nations would follow them in this. The responsibility is theirs. For every drop of blood shed in a future slaughter of youth, God will hold the Anglo-Saxon responsible. You have the power: no other nation has. The hour is yours—not to further enslave the nations in imperial bondage, but to free mankind. If you should disarm totally, France would feel secure, Germany would be glad, Russia would turn to the shop and field without fear, the peoples of earth would rejoice. Nations have kept from the sin and crime of war—they can, they should!

Listen, Anglo-Saxon! The only safe world for the marching boys is one totally disarmed. It is your move, your hour.

3. If a just social world cannot be achieved, if the Anglo-Saxon will not move to prevent the great slaughter by leading in total disarmament, there is but one way left to everyone to be saved from the great slaughter of youth. It is to personally *refuse to have any part in war.*

This can be done. It has been done. It should be done by every youth. This is a short road to total personal disarmament, involving immunity from war's slaughter. Any one can keep out of the slaughterhouse in the same way he can keep from murder. The youth who sees that war is a crime, a sin, must follow his conscience, and be saved. He may not escape punishment, even death may await him, but he can be kept from the murder of other youth whom he does not know, whom he has no cause to fight.

Everyone of these marching youths should know —it should be taught them by leaders in church and school—that conscience is the only guide for right action, and that by following conscience, he will be kept from the crime of slaughter, from sin.

That is the great lesson that the Geneva Reformation of four hundred years ago taught mankind. As we stood before the gigantic mural monument and listened to the story as told by Mr. Fatio, we realized what a tremendous debt we owed that small band of believers who had discovered the light—which discovery was that one should not obey the dictation of church or state in what was *contrary to conscience.*

Here is our refuge—a truth that gave modern civilization its best gifts. It points the way—in our day—to becoming a total abstainer from war. This gives warrant to an appeal to youth to refuse to kill, even though church and state call. Refuse, in God's name! You are not brutes to be led to slaughter—not butchers to go out to slaughter.

Young men are enjoined to stand forth alone under the stars, and solemnly resolve never to take part in war, never to engage in mass-murder. If they do, how dare they look God, and mother, in the face, with the mark of Cain branded on soul and body. "God will send the bill!"

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

Henry Ford has been presented with the Iron Crown of Italy. Iron? Why not tin?

The Boston *Herald* states that "David Lloyd-George is as enthusiastic over his farm at Churt, England, as he is over politics. The farm, moreover, is a paying proposition." This is more than can be said of the politics!

Flaming youth, says a well-known author, is no longer "flaming." Quite right! It is just guttering out, like a dead candle, with much dirty smoke and a vile smell.

Mr. V. J. Patel, the Indian revolutionist, laying a wreath on the tomb of George Washington, the American revolutionist, was an impressive spectacle. It dramatized the identity of the American and the Indian struggle for independence against the British Empire.

The *World Tomorrow,* the *Nation,* the *New Republic* (by implication), and the *Arbitrator* are all supporting the Socialist, Norman Thomas, for the presidency. Compare this position of the liberal press with the position of this press ten or even four years ago, and we find impressive demonstration of the steady and swift movement of free opinion in this country to the left.

Ironies of Circumstance: (1)—that the Republican Party, the party of prosperity, was in office when the worst depression in the history of the nation came along.

J. H. H.

The "Monkey Rope" and Other Parables

During the first two centuries of the Empire, Rome experienced an inundation of religions from the Orient. From Egypt and Syria, from Asia Minor and Persia innumerable cults and beliefs, some philosophic, some superstitious, many of them both, gradually spread over the West and some, like the Persian cult of Mithra, were carried to the utmost confines of the Roman world.

Among these oriental religions, Judaism appears to have held an important position. It had spread from Palestine to Babylon and Egypt, to Syria, North Africa and Asia Minor and finally to Greece and Italy and even farther west. Augustus and his friend, Agrippa, were special patrons of Judaism and, in Nero's time, the leaders of the synagog had great influence at court. Indeed it has been stated that in the Empire at this time vast numbers of persons were Jews either by birth or in religion.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising that a close friendship existed between the Stoic emperor, Antoninus Pius, and Judah "the Patriarch,"[1] the outstanding rabbi of the time, and that an alleged conversation between these two men has been preserved.

We are told in the Talmud[2] that Antoninus Pius once addressed Judah in the following words:

"Body and soul might each plead the right of acquittal at the Day of Judgment." "How so?" asked the Rabbi. "The body might plead that it was the soul that had sinned, and urge, saying, 'See, since the departure of the soul I have lain in the grave as still as a stone.' And the soul might plead, 'It was the body that sinned. For since the day I left it, I have flitted about in the air as innocent as a bird.'" Then Rabbi answered and said, "Whereunto this thing is like, I will tell thee in a parable. It is like to a king who had an orchard with some fine young fig trees planted in it. In charge of this orchard he put two gardeners of whom one was lame and the other blind.

"One day the lame one said to the blind, 'I see some fine figs in the garden; come, take me on thy shoulders, and we shall pick and eat them.' Bye and bye the lord of the garden came, and missing the fruit from the fig trees, began to make inquiry. The lame one, to excuse himself, pleaded, 'I have no legs to walk with.' And the blind one, to excuse himself, pleaded, 'I have no eyes to see with.' What did the lord of the garden do? He caused the lame to mount on the back of the blind and judged them both as one."

So likewise, continues the Talmud, anxious lest the reader fail to get the point, will the Lord re-unite soul and body, and judge them both as one.

Now whether Rabbi Judah knew it or not, this idea of a partnership between a lame man and a blind had already been expressed. There is a fable attributed to Aesop[3] which describes the cooperation of just such a couple in traveling over a difficult stretch of road.

But to this notion of cooperation for achievement the Rabbi has added the idea of joint responsibility and given a fresh turn to the story.

It is a far cry from Aesop and Rabbi Judah to Herman Melville, but since the latter has given us in his classic, Moby Dick, another aspect of the subject which we are considering, let us hear what he too has to say.

When the harpooner is working upon the back of a dead whale lying by the ship's side, his footing is none too secure and he is surrounded by sharks which, though not especially dangerous, are certainly annoying. To safeguard the harpooner, he is attached by his waist to a rope, called a "monkey rope," the harpooner representing the monkey, which is held by some trustworthy person on board. Now in the experience of Melville the "monkey rope" was not only held but actually tied around the waist of a second man, a circumstance which caused the rope holder to indulge in the following reflections which I quote unabridged.[4]

1. "The patriarch," like Rabbi Judah's other designation, namely, "Rabbi the Holy," or simply "Rabbi," indicates the respect in which he was held by his coreligionists. He belonged to an illustrious line of scholars being descended from Hillel through Gamaliel, the teacher of Paul and Gamaliel of Jabna. It was Judah who edited the writing down of the oral law which forms the Mishna, the first grand division of the Talmud.

2. See Hebraic Literature; trans. from the Talmud, Midrashim and Kabbala, Universal Classics Library, Dunne pub. p. 7, which cites Sanhedrin, fol. 91, cols. 1, 2. The story occurs again with unimportant variations in the so-called Rabbinical Ana l.c. p. 324.

3. "The Blind Man and the Lame" given in a modern collection; pub. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. I have not traced this fable further back.

4. Moby Dick, Chapt. LXXII.

"So strongly and metaphysically did I conceive of my situation then, that while earnestly watching his motions, I seemed distinctly to perceive that my own individuality was now merged in a joint-stock company of two; that my free will had received a mortal wound; and that another's mistake or misfortune might plunge innocent me into unmerited disaster and death. Therefore, I saw that here was a sort of interregnum in Providence; for its even-handed equity never could have sanctioned so gross an injustice. And yet still further pondering—while I jerked him now and then from between the whale and the ship, which would threaten to jam him—still further pondering, I say, I saw that this situation of mine was the precise situation of every mortal that breathes; only, in most cases, he, one way or other, has this Siamese connection with a plurality of other mortals. If your banker breaks, you snap; if your apothecary by mistake sends you poison in your pills, you die. True, you may say that, by exceeding caution, you may possibly escape these and the multitudious other evil chances of life. But handle Queequeg's monkey-rope heedfully as I would, sometimes he jerked it so that I came very near sliding overboard. Nor could I possibly forget that, do what I would, I only had the management of one end of it."

Had Melville been a mountaineer instead of a sailor, he could have found in the climbing rope a subject equally appropriate to the same soliloquy.

The social implications of these three stories are what makes them of value to us and stimulated by the interest which their recital is likely to arouse, let us examine briefly certain aspects of our social life.

Responsibility for the ills of present day society would be difficult to fix. I refer here not so much to our financial depression as to the more permanent conditions to which for a long time we have been accustomed to refer as "the social unrest." That this unrest is not of recent origin is seen in the fact that a book with just this title by John Graham Brooks appeared as long ago as thirty years.

Who is responsible for this social unrest? Entrepreneur, workman, capitalist, academic and professional people would, if called to the bar, present almost convincing defenses. But if we mount the lame upon the blind and judge them both as one, we shall know at whose door the blame should be laid for here at least what is the fault of nobody is the fault of everybody.

Time was when the idea of joint responsibility went unquestioned. Then not only did the whole of the primitive tribe suffer for the misdeeds of anyone of its members but the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. But as tribal organization decayed, the notion of individual responsibility arose and both Jeremiah and Ezekiel[5] assert that never again shall it be said "The fathers have eaten wild grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge."

But almost immediately the question arose, for what is the individual responsible? If we proceed on the principle of mounting the lame upon the blind, we shall find that theoretically we are individually responsible for pretty much everything more or less. The reasonable bounds of this responsibility cannot of course be stated absolutely but for all practical purposes it is safe to say that the area of responsibility of anyone of us is always a little more extensive than one is willing to admit judging from his acts.

In the passage quoted Melville does not repeat even unconsciously the ideas of either Aesop or of Judah. For while Aesop's story involves cooperation for achievement and Judah's joint responsibility, the story of the "monkey rope" portrays a condition in which we unavoidably share in the disasters of others unless by vigilance and dexterity we are able to forestall or prevent such disasters.

The most effective self-defense, in fact the only defense, which we have against the consequences of our brother's mistakes, is to be our brother's keeper. To this I may add, that the most effective way to fulfill this task is to become our brother's servant, a "Servant in the House," and finally the most efficient servant is he who serves with greatest love. Thus we are brought to a new aspect of that powerful emotion. For here love is seen not as a source of happiness, but, oddly enough, as a safety appliance in a world where the friction and incoordination of the social machinery are accompanied by truly enormous losses.

The realization of our responsibilities and of the danger of neglecting them ought certainly to arouse in us very serious reflections but, lest absorbed by the latter we become too much depressed, let us not forget the story of Aesop where the mounting of the lame upon the blind led to the possibility of traversing a difficult piece of road. Oriental fable is heavily charged with aphorisms and examples of achievement through cooperation, as when the followers of Speckleneck, king of the pigeons, all rose into the air together at the word of command and were thus enabled to fly away with the fowler's net, leaving the fowler helpless and aghast.[6]

Cooperation, collective responsibility, dangers unavoidably shared, such words and phrases cannot be avoided in any description of the society we live in. Can we not sum up these ideas and transform them into some sort of ethical equivalent? Can we not make our recognition of the conditions of our social environment productive of a specific aphorism, some formula in which we can find help, guidance, suggestion for our conduct today? I think we can, or rather I think it has already been done for us. In "The Religious Aspect of Modern Philosophy," Royce gives the statement for which I think we are looking:

> Act as a being would act who included thy will and thy neighbor's will in the unity of one life, and who had therefore to suffer the consequences for the aims of both which follow the acts of either.

Of course this statement is merely an expansion of the command to "Love thy neighbor as thyself." But it is more explicit and therefore to some it appears more useful and, being also more recent, it may seem to some to apply better perhaps to our own time.

PERCY M. DAWSON.

5. Jer. 31, 29. Ezek. 18.2.

6. See Edwin Arnold's translation of the Hitopadesa.

To Life

You strive for calm upon a lonely night
When envy will not liberate your mind,
When hatred quenches reason, blurs the sight
And makes a bleeding wound and turns you blind.
You whisper futile dreams to walls of stone,
Your groping heart knows only sodden storm—
You learn, my soul, to conquer strength alone;
From groping blindness can emerge truth's form.

No one can help, no one can penetrate,
No one can ask for early spring's rebirth,
Through bursting clouds of envy and of hate.
Give rise to love, and gaze upon the earth!
Beware of envy, hate—the two-edged knife.
For love and only love fashions a life!

FANIA KRUGER

The War in China

(A Letter from Shanghai)

[The following letter came to the *New Humanist* from a graduate of the University of California who is now working for an American firm in China. The letter was typed in the blank spaces of a Chefoo Beer advertisement in the Shanghai *Evening Post* of Wednesday, May 4, 1932. It is printed here for the first time.—Editor.]

Dear Billy:

I would not have you think this was sent with the intention of luring you to the abode of cheap beer. Far from it! Unless you are immune to smallpox, diphtheria, influenza, tuberculosis, dysentery, cholera, typhoid, and paratyphoid, as well as cerebro-spinal fever, scarlet fever and a host of other afflictions whose names I am unable to spell, I would say "Forget about cheap beer!"

And furthermore, unless you can stand the shock of having young boys and girls taken from school and killed in the streets, of the general massacre and execution of anyone suspected of harboring Communist ideas, keep away from Shanghai. If you cannot respond sympathetically to stories of the amount of wealth saved by securing for the soil the nitrogen, phosphorus and other mineral matter ordinarily washed away in sewage, this is no place for you, for here the man collects the night soil and poisons the air by pushing it through the street in little pushcarts. And it's hard to idealize your mate when she's hitched up to one of these carts.

I was returning from a business trip to the U. S. S. Houston, the flagship of the American fleet here in the Whangpoo. The launch was crowded with sailors. Suddenly there arose a mass groan and hands went quickly to noses—a nightsoil barge was passing. And think of the families who live on these barges! Catarrhal infections also in evidence. Everybody spits every place.

The war was on. The refugees by the hundreds of thousands were crowding through the streets in jinrickshas (vehicles drawn by human beings); many rode on giant wheelbarrows beside their salvaged possessions; the less fortunate slung their belongings over their shoulders on bamboo poles; the well-to-do paid the exorbitant fees demanded for the use of motor cars. Shortly before a shell had knocked out one of the windows on the second floor of the building in which I work (I'm on the fifth floor). Around us shells had been falling off and on and there was a constant record of deaths and injuries.

Five o'clock came and I started to my Y. M. C. A. room. I turned on Nanking Road. The sun was sinking into the road ahead and cast blinding rays toward me. I was angry, terribly angry at the human race. On my right shells were bursting. There came the sharp sound of exploding handgrenades and the constant rattle of machine gun firing, the booming of heavy artillery. A moist shower of mucous from a thousand spitters was gently wafted to my face in the breeze. On my left a loud-speaker competed with the noise of battle. Ordinarily its music would have melted my anger, but I was determined it should not this time. I wanted to be angry. Not that I minded the spit. I long ago got used to that. But this massacre, and to think that France was actively supporting Japan; England passively and the United States fearing to take action because of the threat of blackmail on the part of the European powers with regard to the war debts.

The music was sweet. It was Schubert's Serenade. There seemed to be no static. I don't know when it seemed so wonderful. It ran "Softly goes my song's entreaty through the night to thee. In the silent wood I wait thee, come on, come to me." By this time I was out of range of its appeal and was able to keep my anger or so I thought. But somehow when I had reached my room I felt better. And it was the first time I had ever run away from Schubert.

At night the flames leaped into the sky from the burning working class quarter. The guns boomed; the shells burst. It seemed horrible to think of those young, half-starved boys in that blazing inferno. Dark clouds of rolling smoke were belched ominously from the ruins. These lads, few older than twenty-three, held the Japs at bay for more than a month. They were poorly armed. Their clothes were ragged and they had no helmets. I am told that for days at a time they had no food but burnt rice husk. Yet they resisted the invader who had modern equipment, helmets, big guns, tanks, 200 planes and bombs, whose warships assisted in the bombardment of their positions.

Then they were betrayed. From the beginning the Japanese had announced they had nothing against Chiang Kai Shek, that Christian betrayer of his people who co-operated with the Japanese one way or the other in bringing about the defeat of the 19th Route Army. The ruling brigands were afraid of the anti-Japanese movement as it had its base in the masses of the people. They fear any movement of the masses. Chiang had no airplanes to help these lads resist the Japs. The Chinese airplanes are in the Communist districts bombing Chinese peasants. The alleged peace recently signed here is no peace at all. It is merely the promise of the Chinese not to advance and interfere with the Japanese who still hold Chapei and Woosung and who concentrate their forces at four strong centers rather than have them strung out in a military line.

We may yet have a free city here under Japanese control. Last year the Americans dominated the China market. Shanghai is the chief port. The British control it at present and turn over all suspected Communists to the Chinese who kill them. If the Japanese establish an enlarged concession extending to Woosung, they may be able to secure majority representation in the Council. Otherwise, they can build a better port at Woosung and draw the trade from Shanghai since the trip to Shanghai means a tortuous trip up the winding Whangpoo for several hours and large ships must anchor out quite a ways and send in passengers, etc., by launch. A port at Woosung, the mouth of the Yangtsze and within a half hour of Shanghai by train would save much time and trouble. The Japs have it now and they control the forts permitting no one in the region of the forts. China as an agricultural country did not feel the depression. The fact that

the country is on a silver standard also helped it to escape. Now, however, the Japanese bombardment and general terror have slowed things up and it is doubtful when they will become normal again.

My classmate got back Saturday from Harbin. He tells a tale of strict censorship so that the local papers are not permitted to print much of the news. He says local merchants have their names signed by the Japanese to petitions to the League of Nations protesting former conditions under the Chinese and that they are not permitted to disavow their signatures. The local press refuses to print any statements on the part of these business men. Of course conditions under the Chinese were terrible, particularly for the Soviet citizens, but under the Japanese brigands they have gone from bad to worse. Some 300 Soviet citizens are in jail. They are imprisoned on the flimsiest excuses. If the Japs hold off long enough, I expect to go through there on my way to Moscow within three weeks or so.

Best greetings to you all.

NORMAN.

Citizenship and War

The court decision in the naturalization case of Professor Macintosh of Yale University had a rather startling sequel recently in Vermont. It will be remembered that Professor Macintosh, born in Canada, but a professor in the Yale Divinity School for many years, and who served as chaplain in the World War was refused naturalization two or three years ago in a Connecticut Court because he refused to pledge himself to military service in any war into which the country might enter whether or not he believed the war to be just or right. He said in answering questions that he could not support any government in what he considered an unjust war. The judge declared that when war is once on a citizen has no business to discuss the question of its justice or injustice but must support his government; and he therefore denied Professor Macintosh naturalization. The case ultimately found its way to the United States Supreme Court which by a vote of five to four supported the Connecticut judge; but the four dissenting judges were precisely those held by the country in highest honor, Chief Justice Hughes and Justice Holmes, Brandeis, and Stone. To the conscience and best intelligence of the country the decision against Professor Macintosh seems monstrous. It became doubly so in light of the Kellogg Peace Pact sponsored by our own government and adopted by sixty nations, renouncing war as an instrument of policy and pledging the settlement of all international disputes by peaceful means. The supreme virtue of the Kellogg Pact renouncing war is that it now places the peacemakers on the side of law and warmakers on the side of lawlessness. To proclaim from the bench that this is a mere gesture, and that men must be ready to fight as before in order to be good citizens, is disloyalty and recreancy of the rankest kind. Oliver Cromwell was not talking foolishly when he said: "It is not safe to go against conscience," and to demand of a Christian minister, especially that he shall obey man rather than God is an anomalous position for communities still professing a regard for the New Testament.

Now a case involving this principle has come up in Vermont. A young Methodist minister, Rev. Gunner Berg Bruvold, Norwegian born, but a graduate of the Theological School of Boston University, now a pastor of a church at Isle La Motte, Vermont, has got into trouble for publicly taking the same position as that of Professor Macintosh. It is claimed that he made this position clear when he was granted citizenship by Judge Lowell in Boston; but that was before the decision by the Supreme Court in the Macintosh case and it appears that the young minister must face Federal court proceedings in Vermont.

Before this distemper spreads further it would be well for our people to get down to some first principles. When it is said that when war is once on a citizen has no business to discuss the question of its justice or injustice, but simply support the government, that is a dictum which in the light of our own history seems queer indeed. Almost every leading statesman of New England whom we now honor, from Daniel Webster and Charles Sumner down, denounced the Mexican war into which the Polk administration had led the country, and the Massachusetts legislature by an overwhelming majority adopted sweeping resolutions against it. Most of us remember personally, for it was only yesterday, that energy and persistence with which our war for the conquest of the Philippines was opposed and denounced by multitudes of our political leaders of both parties, such men as Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, George F. Hoar, George S. Boutwell and Moorfield Storey.

But there is a much more solemn and imposing illustration. How did we gain our independence? For one thing, because in the most desperate crisis of the war France came to our help. But another thing, much more memorable, never to be forgotten, always to be recalled with power when bloodless and feeble folk tell us that when war is once on a citizen has no business to discuss the question whether it is right or wrong, but simply to support his government, because from first to last the great leaders in England itself opposed their government in its American war and eloquently proclaimed their sympathy with our cause and our resistence. "I rejoice that America has resisted" thundered Pitt in Parliament. "Three million of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to be slaves would have been fit instruments to make slaves of the rest." Do not our school-boys still declaim Burke's burning words of sympathy with the Revolutionary fathers in their struggle? Fox's "treasonable" speech when the news reached London of Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga, for which defeat Horace Walpole "thanked God" would have staggered the Connecticut judge, who would have sent them to jail or instantly disfranchised them. Our whole map is dotted with Pittsfields, and Chathams and Burkes and Foxboros and Conways and Graftons and Barres, names bestowed by patriotic fathers on their new towns in those days that tried men's souls in grateful honor for those manly and liberty-loving critics of their government in England who fought for our cause in Parliament as valiently as Washington fought at Trenton and Yorktown.

Beneficiaries as we are in such degree of this sturdy heroism and dauntless defiance of conformity the least that we can do in manliness or even decency is to be benefactors in some worthy way of those whom

our government may be wronging. Even the Chicago *Tribune,* which for a generation flew at the head of its editorial page the flag: "My country, right or wrong," has recently pulled it down frankly confessing it had come to see how mischievous it was. For the United States courts to decree that no man may be an American citizen without pledging himself to serve in any war which may be voted, right or wrong, is stultification almost incredible; while to demand that our citizens must "all be ready to go to war," when we have just led the united nations in proclaiming all war unlawful, is not even respectable nonsense. Some of us do not believe that American memory has become so dim, American blood so thin, American honor and courage so feeble, as to choose to blot out the heroic and sacramental record in behalf of the pusillanimous new Connecticut doctrine, however galvanized by dignitaries. The time to put a stop once for all to the further spread of that doctrine is now.

EDWIN D. MEAD.

Anglo-Irish Conflict and The League of Nations

In the present Anglo-Irish conflict two fundamental points are involved:—(1) the question of the oath of allegiance to the King of Great Britain, and (2) the question of the payment of land annuities by the Free State Government to the British Government. Regarding the first point, President De Valera and his government hold that the question of the oath of allegiance is Ireland's private affair and the Irish Parliament has the right to abolish it; furthermore the votes cast by the Irish people in the last election indicate that the Irish people wish to have the obnoxious oath abolished. The British authorities, however, regard the abolition of the oath of allegiance as nothing less than repudiation of the Anglo-Irish Treaty. The Free State Government, under President De Valera, regards the abolition of the oath of allegiance as a settled fact and refuses to carry on further negotiations with the British Government.

Regarding the question of land annuities, President De Valera and the British Government agreed that the dispute should be settled through arbitration. However, the British Government demanded that the question in dispute should be submitted before a *"tribunal wholly drawn from the British Empire."* President De Valera refused to agree to the formation of a tribunal wholly from the Empire and suggested that the Irish Free State should have the right to choose arbitrators outside of the Empire. The British authorities, through various statements by Premier Ramsay MacDonald, Foreign Secretary Sir John Simon, Sir Thomas Inskip, the Attorney General, and Mr. Thomas, the Secretary for Domnions and others, have made it clear that they would never submit the case to any tribunal other than the British Empire Tribunal, as was decided upon by the Imperial Conference of 1930.

On this issue of non-payment of land annuities, economic war between Great Britain and Ireland has broken out with all virulence. It may lead to a more serious conflict which may be injurious to Britain as well as to Ireland. Realizing the gravity of the situation, Lord Parmoor, a British patriot statesman, distinguished authority on international law and international relations, who for sometime represented Great Britain in the League of Nations, wrote the following letter to the *Times* (London) of August 10, 1932:

To the Editor of the *Times:*

Sir: Many will rejoice to read in your report of Sir John Simon's speech on the Irish Treaty that progress is possible whether by negotiation or through arbitration, if in the meantime both parties continue what they are doing now, the money being impounded and duties being collected. *The Irish Free State and Great Britain are now both parties to the Covenant of the League of Nations, and Article 13 is a Treaty obligation on both.* (The article 13 reads as follows):

The members of the League agree that, whenever any dispute shall arise between them which they recognize to be suitable for submission to arbitration or judicial settlement, and which cannot be satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, they will submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration or judicial settlement.

Both parties have recognized that the dispute is suitable for arbitration, and so far it has not been satisfactorily settled by diplomacy. The obligation, therefore, is to submit the whole subject-matter to arbitration.

Sir John Simon seems to me hardly to state the full question on both sides. The first point to be determined is the nature and scope of the obligation which has been incurred. On this primary matter negotiation has not so far produced agreement. I think that Sir John Simon will agree that it is essential that the nature and scope of the obligation should be settled as a preliminary to any question of sanctions and that there should be no attempt to impose a penalty before the preliminary dispute as to the nature and scope of the obligation has been determined. No one questions the injuries to both sides which result from the immediate imposition of tariffs and the consequent reprisals.

I have no intention of attempting to predict what the ultimate decision may be, but it invites opposition to assume that the nature and scope of the obligation are to be determined by the decision of one only of the parties. Admitting that both parties are liable to error, is it too late to withdraw both tariffs and reprisals?

Sir John Simon has lately been concerned at Geneva. I have no doubt that he realizes that *no treaty obligations are of greater weight than those contained in the Covenant of the League.* He will not dissent from the Preamble Statement that a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations is necessary to promote international co-operation and to achieve international peace and security.

The real question now in dispute is the form of arbitration procedure. I will not refer to the difference which has arisen in order to avoid the shoals of further controversy. No one will know better than Sir John Simon that the resources of civilization regulating arbitration procedure leave open more than one avenue for mutual and peaceful agreement.

(sd) Parmoor.

Parmoor, Henley-on-Thames.

The *Times* of the same date editorially commented at length on Lord Parmoor's letter as "Misconception," and concluded with this remark: *"Lord Parmoor's suggestion of employing the machinery of the League of Nations is not compatible with any regard for the meaning of partnership in the British Empire . . ."* In the issue of the eleventh of August, Lord Parmoor pointed out that the dispute between Ireland and Great Britain is on the question of the legality of payment of land annuities and not the question of Ireland's staying in or withdrawing from the British Empire. After upholding his contention, the noble lord concluded his letter with the following significant statement: *"I know of no other way of settling the dispute than by arbitration, in accordance with my suggestion which I made in my letter."*

Lord Parmoor's argument is that Article 13 of the League Covenant forms treaty obligations on the

part of all signatories of the League Covenant. This being the case, the Irish Free State may invoke Article 13 of the League Covenant to settle the present Anglo-Irish dispute on the question of land annuities by an international tribunal.

Whether Ireland will follow such a course or not is not material to us at the present. But Lord Parmoor's argument in favor of settlement of Anglo-Irish dispute by the League of Nations has a peculiar force and meaning, in case of a possible Indo-British dispute involving financial obligations between two nations. It is a well-known fact that the British authorities are insisting on inserting certain form of financial safeguards in the proposed constitution of India, to protect British financial interests in India. However, it is generally not known that the All-India National Congress, after thorough investigation by a committee of experts, has declared that a sum of several hundred millions of pounds sterling, which should have been borne by the British Government, has been unjustly placed as a part of the Indian National Debt to Great Britain. The All-India National Congress has demanded that this unjust burden be changed by the decision of an impartial international tribunal. The All-India National Congress has already published a document sustaining its claim on the subject.

Someday the Indian nationalist government, with a mandate from the people of India, may follow the course now pursued by President De Valera, and may demand that the whole question of India's financial obligations to Great Britain should be presented before an expert committee of the League of Nations to investigate, and before the Hague Court to make the final decision. If Britain ever agrees to submit the question of the Anglo-Irish dispute before the League of Nations or some international tribunal outside the British Empire, then it would establish a precedent in case of the above-mentioned Indo-British dispute. Possibly that is one of the reasons behind Sir John Simon's, Mr. MacDonald's and others' insistence on an Empire tribunal for the arbitration of the question of Irish land annuities. However, Lord Parmoor's argument in favor of submitting the question of Anglo-Irish dispute before the League of Nations remains uncontroverted. Those who are interested in world peace should take careful consideration of Lord Parmoor's suggestion.

TARAKNATH DAS.

The Study Table

"Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing"*

Lewis E. Lawes, the Warden of the State's Prison called Sing Sing, located thirty miles north of New York City on the Hudson River, has attracted world-wide attention from his administration of an enormously difficult problem and by the books which have come out of his own experience. The last book, entitled "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," gives much that has been told before yet which is worth endless retelling, and it gives, too, his latest reflections on the outside world which creates the problems with which he must deal. His newest contribution is an arraignment of the criminal law which places in the hands of the judge who presides at the trial the assessment of the penalty, which may be severe or light, according to the temperament or the mood of the judge who happens to occupy the bench, and which leaves out of account the character of the person found guilty and the response which he or she may make when under confinement. A Sentencing Board is his suggestion, which shall examine persons found guilty, sending one to a genuine Reformatory, one to an institution for the criminal insane, and one perhaps to a custodial institution, they to be examined from time to time, and to be returned to the community under a competent system of parole, those who are judged to have learnt how to live there with safety to society, and those kept for life who are judged constitutionally unfit to be at large.

> I would not keep a man in custody one day longer than is necessary to establish the fact of his ability to resume his responsibilities outside the walls (says Warden Lawes). Yet if a man cannot be taught to understand the supremacy of law, he is helpless . . . so why turn him loose when there is every reason to believe that he will return to his depredations?

In these two sentences we have the philosophy of one who has lived close to the problem of crime and who has demonstrated his capacity to make a real reformatory out of a hundred years old "bastile."

Mr. Lawes grew up in the presence of the prison problem. His home town was Elmira, New York, near by the Reformatory which first attracted enormous attention from its attempts to make good the name which the institution bore. The sight of prisoners working upon the land outside the walls, under the supervision of officers in uniform, was perhaps what attracted him to enlist when still a youth in the U. S. Army. But he found army life less romantic than he had expected and when his term of enlistment had expired he took a civil service examination which presently landed him as a night guard at Clinton Prison in the tiny village of Danemora far up among mountains and forests toward the Canadian border. The group over whom young Lawes was placed were known as the "incorrigibles" who had to "be handled with an iron hand," so he was instructed. But even among this hardened lot he encountered one prisoner, "a gentle soul, respected by officers and men alike," yet a prisoner for life with no provision to recognize the outgrown passions which the years had brought him. It was from this man that young Lawes got his first glimpse of the philosophy which came to fruition in his later years.

After a year at Danemora, Mr. Lawes was transferred to the prison at Auburn, another terrific institution, and like other prisons of the day, a city of silent men. The inmates addressed their officers by a system of signs.

> If a man at mess wanted a second helping of bread he would raise one finger; if he wanted an extra tin of soup, two fingers; another plate of potatoes, three fingers,

—a system maintained by dark cells, a bread and water diet, the "cat," and other methods of repression, indeed of terrorism. What man can do to man!

Mercifully, after a few months at Auburn, Mr. Lawes was transferred to the Reformatory at Elmira, where Zebulon R. Brockway had introduced a sentence to some degree depending on the man's own conduct, also other methods which attracted great attention in his day. From Elmira Mr. Lawes obtained a leave of

*"Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," by Lewis E. Lawes, published by Ray Long and Richard R. Smith. Price $3.00.

absence to take a course in the School of Social Workers in New York City, where he met others like himself in search of better ways of dealing with social problems. After eight years at Elmira he was bidden in 1915 to take charge of the New York City Reformatory at Harts Island—(it was presently moved to New Hampton)—where a riot had broken out.

And why should not boys riot, he asked himself, who were ordered to their dormitories at 5 o'clock in the afternoon to sit on their beds until 9 o'clock, and if anyone turned his head and whispered to a neighbor to be compelled—and by what means!—to kneel on the concrete floor for two hours. Mr. Lawes was the Superintendent here, and by substituting sports and attempts at genuine education for the "twiddling of thumbs," he induced a quite different temper among his young charges.

Among the boys was one called "Mike the Rat Catcher," who had the worst possible reputation. But there was something in the boy's eyes which advised the Superintendent that he was a lad who would ring true, and he became a leader in establishing a better order in the institution. And we hear of Mike years later when Mr. Lawes was Warden at Sing Sing, and Mike, then married, had come to repay the small loan which had been given him when he was about to set up a home. "All my debts are paid," said Mike proudly. "I held yours till the last; I was sure you would not mind." Then he whispered something in the Warden's ear, and some months later Mr. Lawes received a card from him announcing the birth of a bouncing baby boy. "Mike the Rat Catcher was getting on!" comments the Warden.

One can well believe that the fame of what Superintendent Lawes accomplished at New Hampton, an institution with neither walls nor bars, led to the offer of the Wardenship of Sing Sing, which was made to him on December 5, 1919, by Alfred E. Smith, the Governor of the State of New York.

Although it was hard for Superintendent Lawes to tear himself from New Hampton, the job at Sing Sing presented a challenge which he felt he could not refuse. This prison had been founded one hundred years before, and during the interval it had undergone every kind of grim repression. During his first years as Warden he read through all the reports, and the synopsis which he gives of its history makes one's very blood shudder. But let us pass over those terrible years. Improvements began slowly to dawn. In the middle of the last century the "cat" was abolished. Finally in 1913 came Thomas Mott Osborn, a real philanthropist and full of the experiences of the boys' Republic at Freeville. The methods which he introduced were given enormous publicity, and laid a solid foundation on which a successor, minded like himself toward the welfare of the prisoners, might build. The chapter entitled "New Trails for Old" tells of the many steps taken toward reforming and rebuilding the obsolete prison. For one thing the yard which formerly enclosed 14½ acres today encloses 47½. One must read through many pages to get the feeling of a modern prison administered by a man who knows how to deal with men.

After reading about prison life in this up-to-date institution, one turns to the closing chapters about life in the modern world from which its inmates are drawn. There is much here which we all know and do not do. What the Warden especially emphasizes is that the unregulated manufacture and sale of guns creates a situation which, joined with a get-away high-power car, is something new in the world and something which too many youths, many of them still boys, are unable to resist. This reckless sale of guns is surely something which can and should be controlled, and which until controlled is going to produce its crop of murders.

As to capital punishment, Warden Lawes' opposition is well known and is on many counts, perhaps the chief one is, its futility. There are estimated to be 10,000 murders committed annually in the United States and only some two percent of the murderers pay with their own lives, so endless are the opportunities of escape in the wide stretches of the country. The penalty is too remote from the crime; also it is for the most part one of youth and of passion; the passion outlived, the murderer becomes like other men. Fifty percent of his prisoners, the Warden believes, are normal men who have simply gone wrong in our endlessly difficult world. If they do not learn to respect authority in ten years, will added years make them safe for the world? Mr. Lawes however does not apply this argument to murderers, for a reason which one may guess, but which he does not state. But he tells the stories of a number of the hundred and fifty men and the one woman electrocuted during his administration from which one may draw one's own conclusions. One story was of a bank robbery and a double murder perpetrated by two men, one of whom was captured and electrocuted—probably the most intelligent man, Mr. Lawes comments, who ever occupied the death house. The other man, a youth of seventeen, disappeared, but by a strange coincidence he was identified in California twelve years later, where he was earning an honest living. He made no effort to deny his identity; but when he was presented in New York for trial, people who had formerly cried out for his blood, said: "He has led an honest life for twelve years—why not give him a chance?" He was allowed to plead manslaughter and given a sentence of two to ten years. "It is not the fact that this man escaped the death chair that concerns me," Warden Lawes comments,

> It is rather that scores of others, no more guilty and no less, have paid with their lives for murders committed under similar circumstances. It is significant also as a commentary on the "viciousness" of men who commit murders, which is so widely emphasized in moments of hysteria fanned by sensational reports, but which invariably wanes with the lapse of time.

The story of "Two Guns" Crowley is another murder story which carries its own moral. He was the illegitimate son of a policeman and was placed in an asylum at his birth. He was adopted while a young child by a woman who came up to Sing Sing the night that the boy, then only 17 years old, was to die. "He was a thoughtful boy," she said, "and he always brought me his pay envelopes. No, I did not suspect anything wrong with him during all those years, and I'm sure there was nothing wrong." But while still a young lad he had learned the circumstances of his birth, and he developed a bitter hatred for officers of the law. He got possession somehow of his two guns, which he carried with him continuously. Once when he went to church, comrades asked, perhaps playfully, "why did you not shoot the minister?" And he answered, "I never shoot my friends—only my enemies—policemen." When he was some sixteen years old he joined a gang and became headline copy in newspapers,

and went to Sing Sing to be electrocuted in a, to him, blaze of glory. Arrived at the death house, his conduct was so outrageous that he had to be completely isolated, where there was no one to applaud his outrageous behavior. One day the guard came to the Warden and said: "Something's happened to him. It sounds like hokum, but it's true. A starling hopped into his cell. He didn't kill it. He fed it. The bird kept on coming back into his cell and he's interested in it." The Warden went the next day to see the young murderer and they talked, with the result that Crowley was returned to his cell, with the provision that he should keep his bird. Presently he became interested in drawing and in constructing a building. He made it out of paper and light wood with which he was provided and he called it "Crowley's hotel." He became a well behaved, a somewhat studious and an altogether likeable boy. He went to the chair without braggadocio, his last words being "Goodby, mother," meaning the only mother he had ever known.

"Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing" is well worth perusal by anyone who is interested in the world-wide problem of how to deal with crime.

ELIZABETH GLENDOWER EVANS.

Another Elwin Book on India

Father Elwin has just brought out another good book* on India which should receive the widest possible circulation.

Mr. Housman justly comments in his preface that Verrier Elwin "has no hatred in him; he is not bitter; his affection for India, and his firm belief in her right, not merely to self-government but to independence, has not made him hostile to those of his own race." This ranks him with Charlie Andrews and a bare half-dozen Englishmen, the admiration and envy of the present writer, who can see the full horror and crime of imperialism without "seeing red." A few hundred men like that might save the world.

Father Elwin begins his book with Gandhi's last message, given to him for the English people before the Mahatma was last arrested. "Tell your own countrymen," wrote the Indian leader, "that I love them even as I love my own countrymen. I have never done anything towards them in hatred or malice, and, God willing, I shall never do anything in that manner in future."

Thereafter the author deals with the events of the present year, as he himself saw them. He begins with Gandhi's return to India, and tells us the true story of that "Anti-Gandhi demonstration" of the Untouchables with which the newspapers sought to prejudice British opinion. The press fabrications when Gandhi was still in London and the audacious "Italian interview" had already made it clear to what lengths the London papers and their continental confrères were prepared to go, once the British government had made clear its intention, by the Bengal Ordinance of November, 1931 —but I must not digress into the intrigues of the "secret international" of empires and editors!

Verrier Elwin makes short work of our British complacency. "If there is no violence," he says, "we are assured that India is pacified and that civil disobedience is dying. If there is violence, angry things are said about the futility of Mahatma Gandhi's preaching of non-violence." But probably the best section of the book is that which deals with the "Firm Hand" policy in India. Though this is only a summary of information already given in much greater detail in previous articles by the same author, it constitutes an unanswerable charge of brutality and repression based on first-hand information.

Verrier Elwin's book was edited and an appendix added by friends in Bombay and London. It is to be regretted that the author's work among aboriginals in the Central Provinces prevented him from attending to the appendix himself, as the latter portion of it is distinctly inadequate and misleading in its attempt to deal with "difficulties" commonly raised by Englishmen. The note on the princes is particularly unfortunate, as it obscures the sinister alliance of the princes and the government which is the key to some of the worst evils in India. An operation for appendicitis would greatly improve this excellent little book!

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

*"Truth About India: Can We Get It?" by Verrier Elwin, with a Preface by Lawrence Housman. Allen & Urwin, London. One shilling.

A Book on Hymns

This book† has been written as a labor of love by a retired missionary who, from her early childhood, has had, as she herself says, "a transcendent interest in hymns." It deals chronologically with hymns and their authors, beginning with the Church Fathers, St. Ambrose, St. Andrew of Crete, Clement of Alexandria, and the like, and follows the course of hymnody through the medieval writers, the later continental hymnists, the British and American hymn writers, up to the present day. The British and American women of the 19th and 20th centuries have sections of their own, and they make a very fair showing numerically, though it must be admitted that the men outnumber them!

The biographical sketches are very brief, and in the majority of cases only a line or two of the hymns or poems (for some of the quotations are not from hymns at all) selected as representative of the various writers, are given. This is not wholly satisfying, especially in view of the fact that the titles of the books or collections from which the hymns are taken are not always cited, and therefore one does not know where to turn to find the whole hymn. There is no attempt at critical analysis of the hymns, but merely the setting forth of a few facts or ancedotes concerning them or their authors, with frequent and copious footnotes which contain information quite as interesting as that in the main text, often more so. The author writes in a very personal vein, and many incidents in her career as a missionary in South Africa are given by way of illustration. The book is not one to be read through all at once, but to be dipped into now and again. In doing this one will find, oftentimes, new material about old friends, and come across entirely new discoveries, especially if one was brought up, as was this reviewer, on the hymnody of the liberal wing of the Christian church.

Although the majority of writers and hymns listed belong in the orthodox and conservative fold, the liberals are not omitted; and while the author herself is evidently an evangelical christian, she finds it possible to admire the editor-in-chief of UNITY. She gives the first line of one of his hymns, and then says, in part:

> He opposed the entrance of the United States into the World War, and thundered his objections from pulpit and press to all reactionary policies, yet, for some mysterious rea-

†"High Lights on Hymnists and Their Hymns," by Caroline Leonard Goodenough. Published by the author at Rochester, Mass.

son he passed through that grievous epoch without being jailed for his utterances. . . . He is one of the fearless and forward-looking prophets of our age. He is a wonderful preacher, an ardent pacifist, and a man to glory in.

Many of the hymns given, and the sentiments expressed in this book would not be acceptable to the readers of UNITY, but they will agree with Mrs. Goodenough in her tribute to UNITY'S editor.

Mrs. Goodenough herself has written a large number of hymns, some of which are given in full in the book, and others listed by first lines. She has published four books, two of poetry, and two of genealogical and historical interest, and several song pamphlets. This latest book is well printed and neatly and strongly bound, and will be a welcome addition to the library of anyone whose hobby is hymns and hymnists whether they be ancient or modern, major or minor.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

Sects and Cults

There can be only one earthly reason for noticing this volume* and that is to pay testimony to its bizarre character. Without unnecessary sneer at the scholarship of the U. S. A. it must be said that in no other country of the world today, could such a compilation be published under such title—"Religions and Philosophies in the United States of America." "Strange Sects and Cults" would be more fitting nomenclature for a collection of fifty-one contributions embracing the major religions and sects of Christianity, as well as Judaism, and also The Sears Philosophy, the Llano Movement, The Modern Church (The New Civilization), Pillar of Fire, et al.

One notices with amazement such names as Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin and Alfred W. Martin in this galaxy. Whether some of the writers upon the major Protestant sects have status equal to that of Rabbi Magnin in the Jewish fold or Mr. Martin in Ethical Culture, your reviewer has no means of judging. At any rate he has heard of none of them. Judaism, by Edgar F. Magnin, and "The Hebrew Evangelization Society," by Dr. A. W. Michelson, is a passing strange juxtaposition. Since when has a mission to the Jews been either a religion or a philosophy? It would be idle to comment upon the articles. They vary of course in quality, but none is of importance. The information can all be obtained in diverse other forms and in less harmful juxtaposition. Altogether an astonishing performance. Menchken and Lewis could have a glorious time with this volume but the cause of religion is hardly served.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

*"Religion and Philosophies in the United States of America," by Julius A. Weber. Published by Julius A. Weber, Los Angeles, California. $2.50.

Correspondence

Roman Catholics and Intolerance

Editor of UNITY:

I have read with much interest your article in UNITY of date of August 1, on intolerance toward Catholicism. You of course put your case very strongly and clearly. But I feel that you ignore one feature of it which justifies the national distrust toward putting Catholics in high office. You preach tolerance toward a sect who profess intolerance as an article of faith. I need not point out the many papal utterances setting this forth. Let me remind you of one instance. When M. Coombes was putting through the separation of church and state in France, a radical deputy said: "You Catholics are getting far more liberal terms than you would give us were you in power." To which the clerical deputy replied: "Of course, **you** profess tolerance as an article of your creed. We do not. You are bound logically by your creed."

I personally am not a Fundamentalist, I am an Agnostic, believing all religions to be human inventions. Some have been at times, and still are, powers for good, but on the whole, taken historically, I believe religions to have done much more harm than good. I believe everything founded on untruth works harm eventually; Ireland's troubles, Armenian troubles, India's troubles, would all be solved if all lost their religions over night. This of course includes the Turks.

This is my creed, which I seek to impose on no one. But naturally I am opposed to the most intolerant of all the Christian sects, which denies the right of private judgment and seeks everywhere to monopolize education. I fully endorse your estimate of "Al" Smith as a man. Were he a French Catholic I would have no fear of undue Catholic influence at the White House and I would vote for him. But an Irish Catholic is too thoroughly imbued with religious fervor to be able to think and act impartially.

L. D. M.

Chicago, Illinois

The Field

(*Continued from page* 50)

Wall Street Finds a Champion

Addressing his fashionable congregation some weeks ago, the Rev. Dr. Robert Norwood, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church in New York City, entered the field of politics with the following observations on the tax measures before Congress:

"It seems to me almost an absurdity that Wall Street should be threatened as it is at this hour with the imposition of one of the most unjust taxations in the recent history of political economy. Only an alien spirit could do that. The idea that we are to correct the ills of our country by making the wealthy pay our taxes is destructive of the whole spirit of democracy. Remove from their places of opportunity men who have succeeded by their genius and we shall indeed have a wreck in the heart of the storm now upon us which will beggar all description. . . . Be on your guard against voting *en bloc*. Choose your men and stand by them. And choose only men who stand for spiritual forces and convictions, men and women who represent this soul we call America, men who believe in freedom and liberty. Loving this country as we do, let us buy American products and stand by American forces. Spend your money here. Stand by your leaders and the ideals of your race."

We submit that this sermon represents one of the most brazen examples of truckling to the economic and political prejudices of a wealthy congregation which has come to our notice. Perhaps a few exegetical notes on the sermon are necessary. It was preached shortly after the sales tax was defeated by a bipartisan group of Congressmen under the leadership of Representative La Guardia. Among the substitutes for the sales tax, these Congressmen introduced a tax on stock sales. It is against this tax that the clerical ire is directed and the reference to alien influences is evidently meant for Mr. La Guardia, who is the son of an Italian immigrant.

From the standpoint of both common sense and Christian principles this clerical excursion into the field of politics teems with errors of fact and judgment. Let us enumerate a few:

1. That the defeat of the sales tax and the imposition of a stock tax was brought about by alien influence. The great mass of American citizens arose in arms against the injustice of the sales tax. La Guardia was the leader of this battle in the House only because he happens to be one of the ablest of the liberal Congressmen.

2. That the stock tax is "one of the most unjust taxations in the history of political economy." It has long been a question whether the stock gambling in Wall Street serves any useful purpose. Even if such speculation is not totally useless, a tax on stock sales falls on the comparatively wealthy, while the sales tax which it partially displaced would have taken $200,000,000 from the pockets

of families with incomes of less than $1,800 per year, according to reputable economists.

3. That "the idea that we are to correct the ills of our country by making the wealthy pay our taxes is destructive of the whole spirit of democracy." We do not know exactly what this means, but it is a foolish statement, however interpreted. We do not know what the spirit of democracy has to do with rates of taxation aside from the fact that any taxation scheme which tends to equalize wealth has a tendency to preserve democracy, since democratic institutions are everywhere imperiled because they have failed to provide for a sufficiently equitable distribution of the products of industry. Since the rich of this country still pay very much lower rates than the wealthy classes of England and Germany, the remarks of the clerical economist lead to the inference that we are a more perfect democracy than these countries.

4. That a "wreck in the heart of the storm" would result from depriving these men of genius of some of the generous rewards which an anarchic society now grants them. Supposing that these men render a real service to society—a supposition which we consider very questionable—are we to believe that they will leave their country in the lurch if they should cease to receive as much for their labors as they now do? If they have been attending Dr. Norwood's church and have imbibed the "Christian spirit," we could surely expect them to continue sacrificially to render their indispensable leadership to the country even if taxation burdens should force them to close a country home or two and to dismantle their seagoing yachts.

5. That the protection of the privileges of the wealthy is an expression of the "American soul." We do not know just what the American soul is, since it is claimed by every political theorist. One might suspect that this inference of the clerical economist is truer than any of the other affirmations and inferences of his sermon. The critic of America would no doubt agree with him upon this point. But if it is true, it is not anything in which the clergyman should take satisfaction. The Christian tradition in which he professes to stand has nothing to say in support of such an expression of a national soul. Dr. Norwood might profitably read Jesus' remarks as he stood against the temple treasury and saw the rich and the poor deposit their temple taxes. His shrewd observation that the rich, who gave only of their superfluity, gave less than the poor, who gave all they had, could provide valuable insights for any clergyman who addresses himself to the problem of taxation in such a time as this.

—*The World Tomorrow.*

Roosevelt's Tactics

Two recent judgments on Gov. Roosevelt are interesting because of their sources, the magazine UNITY, of which John Haynes Holmes is editor, and *The New Republic.* The views coincide with those formed by many who are not well acquainted with the Governor. They think that he will be a radical among radicals, a conservative among the conservatives, and will accommodate his beliefs to the opinions of the sections which he is cultivating.

Mr. Holmes says that with one face Roosevelt "will look west—and this face will be fierce, prophetic, demagogic. With the other face he will look east—and this face will be placid, benign, reactionary. . . . Its patent sham is thoroughly characteristic of the irresponsible and unscrupulous ambition of the New York Governor, and a true reflection of American political morality."

The New Republic is equally earnest. It likens his first campaign speech to a skyrocket, "which, after a showering rush into the heavens, pops off into a few weak and quickly extinguished colored lights." It ridicules the remedies which he proposes. It concludes as follows:

It is unjust, naturally, to judge him until his whole program has been set forth. But at present it looks as if he were trying to have it both ways. It looks as if he were trying to please the radicals by showing how mistaken Hoover is and how badly he has done, and at the same time to please the conservatives by promising to refrain from doing what Hoover has done, without doing very much else.

President Hoover has expressed himself on the bonus. The Governor's views remain unknown.—*Boston Herald.*

Dr. Starr Back from Japan

Frederick Starr planned to go to Japan and Korea, in March last immediately after his lecture trip. Illness delayed his expedition and almost led to its abandonment. However, he sailed from Seattle on June 29 by the *Hikawa Maru,* intending to spend two months in Japan proper, three months in Korea, and to return at the end of December. He carried out the Japanese part of his plan, but various circumstances compelled him to abandon the work in Korea and to return to America. He sailed from Yokohama on September 8, by the *Hiye Maru,* reaching Seattle September 20. Though it was summer time in Japan, and an unusually trying summer, considerable was accomplished. Welcome meetings were extended to him at Omiya, Kashiwazaki and Nagoya. At Subashiri, at the foot of Mount Fuji, he erected a simple monument to the memory of Sogabe Ikko, who knew the mountain well and had been Professor Starr's companion in three ascents. Mr. Sogabe lost his life in the disaster of 1923. The festival of the giant lanterns at Isshiki was attended and a model of a pair of the lanterns and their shelter was presented to him. At Nagoya public presentation was made to Doctor Starr of a suit of Japanese dress made after the new Japanese-foreign style suggested by Mr. Mori. The costume is permeated with symbolism of friendship between Japan and the United States. The material is woven from thread that was spun by persons more than one hundred years old. By invitation of the Oriental Folk-Museum at Ayameike, Professor Starr gave a lecture on the Japanese Rebus, illustrated with curious old examples. The next day he lectured on Japanese Current Events to eight hundred men at Tawara-moto. On July 25, he saw the summer festival of Temmangu, the great Shinto shrine at Osaka; he saw the same festival in 1917. Although his health has been good, he thought best to cut out five mountain ascents that had been in his plan. However, he sent out twenty-five sets of memorial teacups commemorating his ascent of Mount Fuji in Showa 5 (1930). The sending out of such cups in sets of five is an old pilgrim custom. A meeting of Choyukai was held for him at a bathhouse, where there was a cascade of water; some 40 persons were present. This society of tattooed persons has for some time interested Professor Starr. The photographic results of the expedition have been disappointing, but a large amount of new material in the way of color-prints by minor artists, representing foreigners at the time of the contact and the Ansei earthquake of 1855, was secured. Professor Starr has been actively collecting in these two lines for some time past, with the idea of exhibition and publication. Just before he left Seattle Professor Starr received the edition of his brochure: Tacho: Typical Edokko. He carried copies with him for distribution in Japan. Mr. Sugawara Teikichi, who was with him in 1930, was his helper on the present trip.

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